

Anthology The JDP

Imagine a world without politicians...

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Here are some more of my stories related to the JDP Take Over of the World. Hope you enjoy them!

Introduction

One of the questions I've asked myself as a SciFi writer is what would a world look like without money for example or without politicians.

In this anthology I examine a futuristic society completely driven by economists who wield the same power as politicians (who are defunct) in conjunction with umbrella corporations. The idea is you don't vote for a person who represents a set of values, you vote for a set of umbrella corporations that embody your vision of the world, like an umbrella corporation that does not support fossil fuels and so on. In return you get kick-backs as a voter from this umbrella group, a bit like the way one gets tax credits and so on. You get bonus packs so people feel invested in this system. So people LOVE TO VOTE in this system because they make money when they vote. However, they have to be "economic" in other words they have to work and have some kind of value to the system. This system also ties in with Aliens who use this system on other worlds as well. It's all part of the plan for the development of the planet to make the entire planet ECONOMIC where ultimately the weak will not be tolerated and those who are ECONOMIC prosper. Welcome to the JDP.

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JDP

In the East End of London Jemima woke to the sound of houses being demolished.

She looked out of her bedroom window and watched as the old red brick terraced houses were being torn down one by one.

The Unification party called the Joint Democratic Government or the JDP initially formed in the USA nearly two decades before. It had now taken over control of the United Kingdom in a bloodless struggle and was reforming London into a city that would soon resemble Paris.

All existing political parties had merged under the umbrella JDP logo and the benefits were lavish.

Paris was now the Centre of JDP power in Europe and Germany was a barren Nuclear wasteland.

Germany had been caught in a pincer movement between JDP USA, JDP Russia and JDP China and was not able to withstand it. Their flags were unified to a JDP Flag which more resembled that of a Giant Corporation.

News was also percolating on the official media channels of The Visitors from Other Worlds who had made contact with the Big Three JDP Territories.

The Alien JDP representatives were very beautiful looking and totally human and could speak every language.

Genetically though they were far superior to humans but looked and talked like them.

A loud speaker echoed down the street that the Relocation as it was known would be happening soon to their home.

Jemima walked down the stairs to her father Phil who sat on a seat looking at the Relocation Notice to an undetermined part of the country.

His hand was trembling.

Above him in the living room the JDP installed camera watched his every move.

Every home had one now and all citizens were expected to become part of the Network as it was known to which non JDP members defaulted to.

Every house was wired to the Network.

A camera followed Jemima as she walked into the living room.

Those who dissented were fired and many simply starved on the streets.

Jemima had grown up in this world and was used to it, now becoming a young adult.

She thought nothing of it.

She had spent many years cleaning the lavish homes of the JDP Members.

The Media panel on the wall showed the beautiful new city that London would soon become.

It was being rebuilt for JDP members only and spreading to every corner.

Jemima stood in front of her Dad.

He was trying to hide his tears.

"I want to join the JDP," said Jemima.

A New World

All across the USA people watched the count centres as word began to spread that Democracy was out and the JDP was in.

People had watched the televised debates with interest as the new style of government was taking hold on Earth.

"We're all sick of politicians who represent vested interests. We're all sick of candidates trying to be different and ending up the same. Why is this? The answer is simple; our politicians are really a front for vested interests. We vote for the person and they work for the vested interests. So in the JDP we say simply. **GET RID OF THE MIDDLE MAN. Vote FOR THE UMBRELLA VESTED INTERESTS DIRECTLY AND BE REWARDED! Vote for the JDP!!**"

The opposing candidate shot back a reply about Plato's Republic and Ancient Greece.

However the JDP candidate just replied quickly. "This ain't Kansas anymore. Our people want jobs. Our people want PROSPERITY! We used to be number one in the world. Now we're behind Russia and China. Europe is closing in. Let's face it people, when we vote for a politician or a party we all ask ourselves this one question." The JDP Representative lifted his finger in the air. "WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME!!!" He paused looking at the opposing politician. "NOT FOR YOU!"

The crowd stood up and clapped and cheered.

"With the JDP each Umbrella group you vote for in the ruling council will give you reward packs worth thousands of dollars. That's the money that used to go to your political leaders as kick-backs for implementing their policies. Now the JDP voters will get this."

The democratic politician shook his head. "Democracy is not for sale!" replied the sweaty politician.

"But you are!!" accused the JDP candidate.

The crowd booed.

Across the country the final counts came in.

A newscaster sat forward and smiled.

"I can confirm the final tally is in. USA is now part of the JDP Alliance!!!!"

Balloons dropped from ceilings. Bands played and people screamed with excitement.

A New World was being born.

Each citizen who could vote would soon get their bonus packs worth thousands of dollars as a thank you.

JDP Paris

The teenage school kids were driven to the crumbling Chateau De Versailles.

Laurent stood and listened to the official JDP tour guide.

A giant machine was tearing down the remaining walls of the ancient building.

"This is where politics was once practised. In these mistaken times we had mass unemployment and great social upheaval. Now that we have the JDP, we have zero unemployment and are masters of our own economic fortunes. The age of politics is over. Economics is the only true measure of an individual," said the guide. "Have you any questions?"

The teenagers were mostly using their Smartphones and were connected to the network.

"We must all focus on our economic usefulness in order to escape from the mistakes of the past."

"What happens to those who are not economically useful?" asked Laurent.

"A very good question," smiled the guide.

"Those who are not economically useful are relocated to areas of economic redevelopment so that they can regain their right to their JDP assigned bonus packs and regain their right to vote and subsist. There are still radioactive areas created during the Upheaval that require clean up where the non-economic can prove their usefulness. Also there are still some openings in Alaska and Siberia."

"What do I need to do if I want to join the JDP?" wondered Laurent.

"Another great question!" smiled the guide.

"You must demonstrate your exceptional economic worth and participate in The Loyalty Tests. I can tell you some more about this later. Now we move onto what was once the French Parliament."

The guide clapped her hands together and the tour moved on.

The Threatometer

On the JDP news which was more like a series of slides outlining the economic progress a final one was added to indicate the new improved Security mechanism which was JDP approved.

Patrick got a knock on his door and let in the tradesman.

"I'm here to install your Threatometer."

Patrick who was economic nodded and Fred placed the Threatometer in his living room beside his TV.

"How does it work?" he asked.

"As we're all part of the network now it gets live updates."

He opened his instruction booklet.

"Red means danger."

"Yellow means some danger."

"Orange means maybe danger or maybe no danger."

"And green means you are ok."

Patrick frowned. "Why is it yellow?"

"There's a war in Bagorobianillick at the moment," replied Fred. "Haven't you been listening to the news?"

"Where?"

Fred sighed. "It could spill over at any minute. Anyway now that you have the Threatometer you'll get live updates on how afraid you need to be."

Patrick smiled. "Great."

Fred filled in his form. "Final thing. There are also descriptions of the danger. They can change. At the moment they are..." He looked in his booklet again.

"Scary."

"Very Scary."

"Very very scary."

"Terrifying like in a horror movie."

"Fearful."

"Be Prepared."

"Stock Food And Water."

"Relax."

"Chill Out."

"Smoke some weed."

"Lie on your couch or something."

"And Finally..."

Fred flicked his page.

"All out Nuclear War."

"Bioterrorist Attack."

"Killer Flu."

"Blood curdling Viral Attack."

"Zombies."

"Vampires."

Fred twitched his nose a little.

"We don't get a lot of the last two but you never know."

The Island

On the Island of Elba the JDP had placed all the politicians in the new prison when they had tried to overturn JDP control.

There was no going back to democracy.

JDP Security forces grew stronger with each year.

The chief Economic prosecutor Milena sat opposite the politician Francisco who had been in solitary confinement for twenty years.

"I have told you before I repent and admit to my economic crimes. Yes my actions did destroy the country but at the time I thought I was doing the correct thing. I would like to retrain as an economist and work for the Umbrella groups like you. I can learn..."

Milena smiled.

"Supply creates demand but there is no demand for politicians anymore. Economics is the only true science to rule countries and the Umbrella creates Wealth And Prosperity with us in accordance with true market forces," said Milena harshly. "You must publicly repent your economic crimes. You will face the families who lost their homes because of you and directly apologize to them and their children. We will have a program on the Network and this is what you will say."

Francisco put on his glasses. "It says here that I must admit to being a criminal and a dog."

Milena looked at him. "Yes."

"This is too much!"

"Then you will spend the rest of your life in here," replied Milena.

"And if I say it?"

Milena handed him a pen. "We will let you see some sunlight and maybe allow your family to visit you. I make no guarantee on the visits but you will be allowed to walk in the prison yard."

The Umbrella Pays

On the highest rated night for the Network, JDP citizens with voting rights tuned in for Super Wednesday.

On this night the Umbrella released its bonus and benefits packages to those who had voted for them.

"Annual yields are coming in at three point six percent on the eco-friendly groups but are three point eight for the fossil fuel umbrella groups. That produces an average annual pay-out of five point four thousand credits which will hit the pay checks of the Economic next month. Stock pay-outs are also expected to accumulate on the five year cycle due to predictable economic cycle variables which have been closely managed in accordance with strict JDP Economic Rules."

The chief Umbrella economist stood in front of a giant screen where all of the Umbrella groups announced their results and the various pay-outs. It was like the Eurovision Song Contest results except it was the various Umbrella groups who reported in with their tallies.

All was economically good in the world of the JDP.

People were making money unlike in the old system.

In a small wooden hut in Alaska Terry sat in front of his Network link and shivered a little as the wood burned low.

The hut was shared by ten other people who were non-Economic in bunks lined in rows of two. Mostly the non-economic workers just worked for food and accommodation on assigned non-economic franchises. Roads were cut through the empty forests and winter was everywhere. Outside it was dark and miserable.

"Why are you looking at that shit man? We're not economic," said Wells.

Terry smiled and took out his guitar. "I like it. It reminds me of home before they shipped me out."

Terry strummed on his guitar.

"You know music ain't economic anymore, why do you bother?" asked Wells. "You gotta do maths or science or some other shit like that to get outta here."

Terry smiled. "I don't like maths or science. I like music."

He started to sing but Wells threw a can at him. He was playing cards with the others and the pay-outs annoyed him.

"Sing your shit to the bears and the snow man and turn that off. I don't want to hear another word," complained Wells.

Breaking News JDP Australia!

The news shot around the world that Australia would soon be the next JDP territory since Indonesia and Malaysia had recently joined.

Pictures were shown of the JDP China and JDP USA warships in Sydney harbour and the defunct politicians happily signing the new JDP Accord Act.

"We will shortly shut down our parliament which had failed us economically and be retraining in JDP Economics which is clearly working so well across the world. Also as an act of friendship we will be opening up one of the largest relocation centres on the planet for the non-economic to help redevelop central Australia. Here we will have one of the largest Visitor Centres in the world and Space Port. Thank you."

The former prime minister smiled uneasily and the Australian flag was lowered and replaced by the Corporate JDP Flag.

Groups of people shouted and cheered and balloons were released.

The new lists of umbrella groups in Australia were quickly added to the existing world list.

Addition

At the annual world JDP economic conference in Vienna Austria barriers prevented unauthorized access.

The Visiting JDP delegates from other worlds mingled with the human delegates but looked exactly like them with the exception that The Visitors were gene enhanced.

They were beautiful and super intelligent and everyone wanted to mix with them and gain some influence.

JDP Chief Economist for the Eco Blocks joined a review meeting with Visitor JDP economist Karla.

"You asked to see me?" commented Karla. "It's late."

"Yes, I've noticed something odd," replied Jasmin. "It can't wait."

"What is it?" Karla checked her social media.

"These numbers don't add up. I've done the calculations and the bonus pack values have been artificially inflated." Jasmin seemed perplexed.

"This is an issue of serious concern," replied Karla.

"I know this is why I brought it to your attention."

"Have you double checked?" wondered Karla.

"No."

Karla nodded. "Can you please double check these tonight and I will organize a meeting with the delegates tomorrow."

"Of course," replied Jasmin. "I'll work on them tonight."

Karla nodded and switched out. She talked to the other Visitors using her implants.

Jasmin left the conference centre.

She took a self-drive taxi to the hotel. As the driverless taxi drove through the historic city, the taxi picked up speed continuously accelerating.

"Disengaging seat belt," said the automated taxi. "Destination reached."

Jasmin screamed out and tried to hold onto something as the taxi smashed head on into a solid brick wall beside the hotel at over one hundred kilometres per hour.

Democracy Strikes Back

Twenty years after the JDP had taken over in Ireland former government officials went for a few pints in what had once been the Dail's Bar where TDs had served and debated the issues of the country.

Once the JDP took over, government buildings had been transformed into a trendy shopping mall.

They sat in a group around a few pints.

"It's time for Democracy to strike back. People are just fecking tired of the JDP," said Barry. He was the ring leader.

"Gawd this pint is awful," said Mickey Joe. "And you forgot to bring me the Bacon Fries."

"We need outside help. What about the Democratic resistance in the UK?" asked Sinead.

"They're with us so long as we keep Europe out of it. We'll fly over to Westminster and organize over there. Are you with me lads!?"

"Yes!" shouted Sinead and everyone looked at her.

"What's in Westminster now?" asked Mickey Joe. "I hope the pint is better over there."

"There's no booze."

Mickey Joe was disappointed. "What's there now?"

"Starbucks and Dunkin Donuts."

JDP Case Study

The camera crew setup in the central Australia non-economic camp.

Desert stretched for miles around them.

Dust swirled in the air.

Machines dug into the Earth for precious minerals.

In the distance shiny Visitor Space Craft arrived and the beautiful people prepared for their economic activities.

The camera focused on an old man in a non-economic wooden hut who had bruises on his face.

Joshua coughed and looked malnourished.

The interviewer took a still photo of Joshua's emotionally beaten face.

"Joshua was a professor of poetry and is currently non-economic. For the good of his economic hub he has chosen to no longer participate in the economy as he is a net debt contributor due to injury and age. Joshua's choice of economic removal is via injection. His economic remains will be recycled which will produce a net gain and pay off some of his life debt which will be redistributed to his economic hub."

A younger member of the hub looked over his shoulder at Joshua. His fists were clenched and face was angry at the old man.

Joshua glanced at him and looked scared.

JDP The Pavement Tax

The JDP Mayor spoke up.

"You know the uneconomic who sleep rough on our streets think they can just do this." He sipped some coffee. "Who do they think paid for these pavements? THE ECONOMIC! I have asked my officials to round up the non-economic for relocation and they will be served with Life Debt notices for the amount of time they spent on our economic streets WHICH COST MONEY to maintain. I can assure the economic that the streets will be cleared of the non-economic by the end of this month."

He straightened his suit.

"Any questions?" he asked.

There were none.

A couple of officials clapped and smiled.

JDP Oxygen Processors

The Visitor stood up and broadcast on The Network.

She was one of the Chief Economic Scientists assigned to Earth.

"All of us who live in big cities know that the quality of our air and oxygen is a priority issue. Since we have built strong relations with your JDP governments we can no longer provide this air processing facility for free as this is uneconomic. Therefore starting in the next financial quarter we will be charging the economic for air. Sensors will be installed in all homes and on the streets where your breathing requirements will be monitored. Any questions?"

A JDP approved reporter spoke up. "What about our plants? Don't they produce oxygen?"

"The Umbrella Geno Corporations own all patents to every plant seed now and are non-tax deductible as it would make their business non-economic."

The chief scientists signed off in the usual manner. "Thank you and Remain Economic."

JDP Rebranding – The Heartland

News spread across The Network. All JDP Territories were to be known as the JDP Heartland.

"The new JDP Heartland flag is here!"

The host of the show pictured it. "We are all part of the Heartland now." He looked almost hypnotically into the camera. "The Heartland is here."

It was the original JDP flag with an outline of planet Earth on in.

The news anchor then turned stern looking.

"All JDP USA, Europe and other defunct territories flags must be replaced with immediate effect including those on domicile premises. All who do not adhere to this policy will be deemed non-economic and served with relocation orders. Thank you and remain economic."

JDP The Entertainment Reporter

The JDP had ushered in new entertainment experiences.

JDP movies were shown and there were thousands of them and they were very cheap to make using JDP technology.

Entertainment Reporter Henry, a teenage social media reporter sat opposite the all-female cast of their super popular movie The Journey set on different worlds ruled by the JDP.

"I just want to say that I was incredibly entertained by this movie. It was up there with Charlie's Angels."

Lead actress Lusha smiled. "Thank you. You are very kind."

"Now regarding the JDP family that we are all a part of. How modern is the space technology portrayed in the movie?"

"Oh quite current," replied Lusha. "Our technology is a million years more advanced than yours but this is pretty current."

Henry scratched behind his ears. "So you have some kind of deck and there is a captain in a seat and all that?"

"Why yes, of course!" she smiled at him in an attractive way.

"So you'd dress up like Star Trek characters then." He slurped his coffee and swallowed hard, feeling his temperature rising.

"Of course! We love to dress up like that, don't we!!"

The other girls nodded.

"Great!!" said Henry grinning cheesily. "I have some costumes I brought with me which I'd like you to try on. Do you mind if we take some Selfies?"

JDP Careers

Gabriela sat opposite her JDP boss Maritza.

"You are everything we expect in an employee and more."

"Thank you!" said Gabriela.

"We have a new company perk. It's a freezer treatment."

"Can I freeze my eggs now?" wondered Gabriela.

"No, even better! In order to reach your true economic potential we will freeze your family for free! This means you do not need to worry about them and have them impact on your work. When we freeze them you will be able to reach your true economic potential."

Gabriella looked a little shocked. "When will I unfreeze them?"

"Let's not worry about that part. While they are frozen, the company will look after everything you need! We even have campus accommodation and movie nights. I am in charge of the table quizzes. Just sign here."

JDP The Soap Box

Mick decided enough was enough.

He wanted democracy back.

Mick brought his soap box into the middle of the town square and turned on his loud speaker.

"BRING DEMOCRACY BACK! DOWN WITH THE JDP!" shouted Mick while standing on his soap box.

On the top of the local buildings, the Securi Drones whirred into life.

Two dropped down and grabbed him by either shoulder and flew him to jail.

JDP – The End. Finally Truly Economic!

Jemima and Laurent stood together as the off world ships arrived with billions of Visitors.

The old cities were mostly gone and those that remained were completely redesigned to Visitor standard.

To remain truly loyal and economic to the JDP, Jemima and Laurent had married their pets in true JDP style.

Children were now born in JDP berthing units freeing the body of such unnecessary burden.

Tiny dogs looked out of their hand bags as billions of off world aliens arrived on Earth.

"How many humans are left now?" asked Jemima.

Her family had been eradicated by the JDP but she did not care.

"Maybe a few hundred million. I am just so happy to be a part of this wonderful new world being born and to be a part of it," replied Laurent.

They sent each other Social Messaging Love.

They had both been gene enhanced and could now appreciate the magnitude and beauty of the JDP and everything it was capable of.

Jemima took out her pet husband. The tiny dog barked and licked Jemima's face.

"I love you so much," she said and put her pet husband back in his bag.

"When can we choose our new bodies?" asked Jemima. "I want to be able to fly like the leaders."

"Soon my love. Soon," said Laurent.

"Truly we are economic now," said Jemima.

"Truly."